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The Democrat.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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Little Guinever.

"When Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench."
—*Love's Labor's Lost.*

Swift across the palace floor
Flashed her tiny wilful feet;
"Playfellow, I will no more,
Now. I must my task complete."

Arthur kissed her childish hand,
Sighed to think her task severe,
Walked forth in the garden land,
Lonely, till she reappear.

She has sought her latticed room,
Overlooking fairy seas,
Called Lancelot from a bowery gloom,
To feast of milk and honey of bees.

"Had we bid Prince Arthur too,
He had shaken his grave head,
Saying, My holidays are few!
May queens not have their wills?" she said.

Thus she passed the merry day!
Thus her women spake and smiled:
"All we see we need not say,
For Guinever is but a child." *A. W.*

MY NIGHT IN A BOX.

"And must you really go away, and remain all night in that nasty old box of yours, and leave your Little Rosebud, as you call her, all alone here, to imagine all sorts of horrid things happening to her poor old boy? Couldn't you stay at home just for this one night?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, my love," said I, struggling into my greatcoat, and possessing myself at the same time of my big driving-gloves, which my little wife was absently trying to fit on her own little hands.

"Not if I very much wished it, Willie? Do you know, I felt so strange and lonely last night, when you were away, that I could hardly make up my mind to go to bed at all; and to-night I can scarcely bear the thought that you should be so long absent. You know what a timid, foolish little thing I am."

Her arm quietly stole round me, and she looked up to my face with a wistful, anxious look, while a tear stood glistening in the corners of her sweet, blue eyes.

"Why, you wee goose," said I, kissing away the bright token of her earnestness, "what has put such absurd thoughts into that wise little noddle of yours? Are you afraid that the fairies will waylay me and spirit me away to their elfin-land? If they do, I shall tell them that I have left a fairy at home, and not even the blandishments of the queen herself shall tempt me into their uncanny country. But seriously, Maggie, there is nothing to be alarmed about. I shall be at home by seven o'clock, at the latest; but since you are so eerie, I will call at father's as I pass, and send up my brother Bob to keep you company and stay in the house all night. Will that content you, little woman?"

"No; don't do that; it would look foolish, and Bob would only laugh at me when he came. He does not understand me. I think no one does understand me—except you, dear Will."

"Thank you, Mag; I think I do understand you. But here comes the gig; so good-bye, and don't fret for the short time I am away. I shall be back long before you are done dreaming."

So saying, I mounted the gig and drove rapidly along the frozen road. But my wife lingered by the porch, following me with her eyes; and so long as the house was in sight, I could, on leaning back, see her white dress shimmering ghost-like in the light which streamed through the open door.

At the time of which I write, I was telegraph superintendent on the Wilton and Longbank line of railway. One of the clerks, who was on night-duty, had been taken suddenly ill, and being unable to find a suitable substitute, I had taken his work myself until such time as he should recover. I had only been married a few months, and was by no means reconciled to the necessity of leaving my wife and home to pass the night in that "nasty old box," as Mag called it—and she was perfectly right in her description. But I knew that it was a necessity, and I knew likewise that no grumbling of mine could mend the matter.

A drive of about eight miles brought me to my post. There was nothing very extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it any new experience to me; but on that night my mind was filled with vague, indefinable fears, for which I tried in vain to account. The night was clear and windless, and away to the northwestern sky the aurora borealis was flitting to and fro in a thousand strange fantistic shapes. As I watched the shifting and quivering gleams, now shooting in rapid succession from one luminous center, and anon spreading and rolling wave after wave across the starry heavens, I began to think of the disastrous omens of war, plague and famine, which in the olden times men drew from such sights. Somewhat of the same emotion I felt in my own mind, and reason as I would, I felt it impossible to shake off the growing sense of uneasiness and gloom which had taken possession of me. On entering the telegraph station, the clerk whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

"You won't have much to do to-night, sir," said he. "The instruments are quite unworkable; no signals have been received for the last three hours. Good night."

When I was left alone, I found that it was as he had said. The electric currents, which are developed in the atmosphere during most meteorological changes, had rendered the wires quite useless; and although the needles swayed ceaselessly backwards and forwards, they made no sign which the wisdom of man could interpret. Seeing that my office was likely to be a sinecure, I drew my chair to the stove, and taking down a book which I saw on a shelf, I tried to interest myself in the story. The volume I had discovered was "Jane Eyre;" and although, since that time, I have read with tears and laughter, it and the other works that came from the same true and loving pen, yet on that night the spell of her who is so powerful to awaken our interest and enlist our sympathy—who has given us Black Rochester and chronicled with no unkindly hand the vagaries of the three eccentric curates, and won our hearts for Professor Emanuel Carl Paul—had no power to quiet my wild, wandering thoughts. While I was turning listlessly over the the leaves, the stillness was startled by the sharp, quick clanging of the electric bell, the usual signal to prepare to read off a message. With a shiver of alarm, I turned quickly to the instrument, but soon perceived that that bell had been rung by no earthly power, for the vibrating needles made no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a current of atmospheric electricity acting upon the wires.

Smiling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned from my desk, and again sat down by the fire. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague foundationless fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which I felt close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door, and stepped outside, in the hope that the cool air might scare away the phantoms of my brain. As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express crashed past with a speed and force which shook every timber of the building, and uttering a loud shriek, disappeared into the tunnel at the end of the steep gradient, on the summit of which my station was placed. When it had gone, there was stillness, stillness broken—if I can call it broken—only by the peculiar sighing of the air passing across the wires, which is heard even in the calmest of nights. I stood and listened to the strange, melancholy, Æolian-harp like sound, now so faint as to be almost inaudible, and anon swelling into a wild low wailing. I looked up and saw Orion and the Pleiades, and thought how often on nights not long ago, when I had watched for Maggie in the wood, I had gazed up through the tall sombre pines and watched their trembling fires. From that my mind reverted to the earnestness with which my wife had asked me to remain at home that night, and the unusual pensiveness of her manner when she bade me good-bye. What could be the meaning of it all? As a general rule, I had a most profound disbelief in omens, presentiments, and all sorts of superstition; but in spite of it, I felt that I would have given a good deal at that time, to be transported just for one minute to my home, to see whether all was well there. I might have called up my assistant, who lodged in a farmhouse not far distant, and gone home; but as I could give no good reason for going away, I resolved to stay where I was, and get through the night as best I could. "If this goes on," said I to myself as I turned inside again, and poked up the coals with rather more noise and vigor than was absolutely necessary—"if this goes on much longer, I shall have to consult a doctor, that's plain." For I knew that the causeless apprehensions which I experienced were often only the symptoms of an unusual state of bodily health. I filled my pipe and lit it, but the weed had lost its usual tranquilizing power. As the wreaths curled slowly upwards, I saw my wife's face looking at me tearfully as when I had left her. Again the bell rang sharply; but, as before, no intelligible sign was made by the needles. I leaned my elbows on the desk, and, with my head between my hands, watched their unending motions. An hour might have passed thus, when once more I was startled by the clang of the bell. This time it was louder and more urgent, and, it seemed to me, though perhaps I may err here, with a peculiar unearthly sound, such as I had never heard before. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was produced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic ring the tone of a human voice—and it was the voice of one I knew. The needles, I now observed, began to make signs which I understood; and slowly, as if some novice were working the instrument, the letters "C-o-m-e" were signaled. No sooner had I read off the final "e" than, to my amazement and terror, I distinctly saw the handle of my instrument, although I was not touching it at the time, as if grasped by some invisible hand, move rapidly, and make the signal "Understood," which the receiver of a message transmits at the end of every word.

A cold thrill ran through me, and I felt as if every drop of blood were leaving my heart. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I knew that such was not the case, for I had plainly heard the click of the handle as it turned, and now I could perceive that another word was being slowly spelt out. But so bewildered and terrified was I, that I failed to catch the signs. Again my handle moved, and this time made the signal "Not understood." With an overwhelming feeling of awe, I watched the dials intently while the letters were again signaled, and this time I read "I-l-o-m-e." Then there was a cessation of all motion for a second or two, and once more the needles resumed their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half-believing that I was in a dream, for reason refused to accept to the evidence of sense. Could that be a message for me? If so, whence came it? What hand had sent it? Could it be that some power higher than that of nature thus warned me of impending danger? Should I obey the mysterious summons?

While I thus deliberated the bell again sounded with a clangor still more loud, imperious and unearthly, and, after a few uncertain movements, the magnets repeated the words "Come home—come home!" the handles moving as before. I could remain at my post no longer. Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey. I ran to the house where the clerk lived, and on rousing the inmates and gaining admission, told him that he must take my place immediately, as I had been suddenly called away. The man seemed somewhat surprised at my excited and startled manner, but what he said or did I cannot recollect. On entering the stable where my horse was stalled, I perceived a saddle hanging on the wall; and knowing that I could get over the ground more swiftly riding than driving, I threw it on his back, and in a minute or two was dashing along the road in the direction of home. I shall never forget that ride. Although I urged my horse with whip and voice till he flew rather than galloped, the pace was far too slow for my excited mind. Woods, bridges with the moonlit streams sippling beneath them, farmhouses where the deep-voiced watch-dogs were awakened by the loud beat of hoofs, shot by me like things in a dream; and at last, breathless and panting, we clattered up the long causewayed street of the village where I lived. All was dark and silent in the houses, and the windows seemed to stare blank and vacantly in the bright moonlight. Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street, with a hoarse cry, "Fire!" At the same instant, the church bell was rung violently, and at once, as if by a common impulse, the whole village started into life. Lights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were dashed quickly up. I saw white figures standing at them, and heard voices crying "Where?" Checking my horse with a jerk, which threw him upon his haunches, I listened for the reply, "Craigside House!"

Great Heaven! my worst fears were realised. It was my own home. I choked down the agony, which almost forced a cry, and pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire. The house was a large old one, and when I reached it, smoke was issuing in thick, murky volumes from the windows of the second flat, while fierce tongues of flame were already leaping along the roof. A crowd of men were hurrying confusedly about with buckets and pails of water. In the centre of a group of women I found our maid, Mary, stretched on the grass in a swoon. "My wife!" I exclaimed, as I rushed forward, "where is she?" "God knows, sir," said one of the men; "we have twice tried to reach the second flat, but were each time driven back by the smoke and fire." Without uttering a word I entered the house, and ran along the lobby. The stair, fortunately, was built of stone, but the wood-work on each side was one mass of blazing and crackling flame. Before I had taken three steps I fell back, blinded, fainting, and half suffocated with the smoke. Two men who had followed me caught me in their arms, and tried to restrain me by force from endeavoring to ascend again. "Don't attempt it," they said; "you will only lose your own life, and can't save hers." "Let go, you coward!" I cried as soon as I could speak; and, with the strength of madness, dashed them aside. I rushed up the stairs, and this time succeeded in reaching the first landing in safety. The room which we used as our bedchamber led off a small parlor which was situated on this flat. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door, but, to my horror, it was locked! I dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts. To return as I had come was now impossible, and I knew that the only hope of saving even my own life was to go forward. Despair gave me strength, and lifting my foot, I struck it violently against one of the lower panels of the door. It yielded a little. Another blow, and it was driven in. I crept through the opening, but so thick was the smoke in the parlor that I could distinguish nothing. "Maggie, Maggie!" I shrieked, "where are you?" but no answer was returned. Crossing the parlor I gained our bed-room door. To my joy it was open, and stretched on the floor I found the apparently lifeless form of my wife. I bent over her, and on placing my hand on her heart I found that it was still beating. I lifted her very tenderly and gently, and carried her in my arms to the window, which I broke open. Of what followed I am only dimly conscious; I have a confused remembrance of men bringing a ladder, and strong arms helping us down, and the people cheering; but it is all very vague and indistinct. My next recollection is that of finding myself in my father's house all bruised and weak, but with my own wife bending over me, and tending me with loving hands. We had been burned out of house and home. Fortunately everything was insured; but even had it not been so, I had been content so long as she was spared to me.

On the evening of the next day, when the short winter twilight was fast closing round, and the first snowflakes were falling, Maggie drew a little stool close to the couch on which I lay, thinking over the strange events which I have related. I had said nothing to anybody regarding the warning which I had so mysteriously received; and when questioned as to what had caused me to return so opportunely, had always made some evasive answer, for I feared that the reality would never have obtained belief.

"Willie," said the soft low voice of my wife, "if you had not come home——"

"Hush, my darling. Don't talk like that, for I can't bear even to think of it."

"But it might have been. And do you know, Willie, I had such a strange dream on that awful night?"

"A dream, Maggie? Tell me what it was."

"You remember," said she, drawing nearer to me, "the evening you took Mary and me into the telegraph office, and told us all about the batteries, and magnets and electricity, and a great many things which we couldn't understand at all, though we pretended to do so, lest you should think us stupid?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember, too, how, when I said that I should like to send a message with my own hands, you made me take hold of the handle, and then you guided it, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowestoft then? And the end of it was, 'Come, home—come home!' which I repeated over and over again, until I could do it quite well without your help."

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fire, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

"Well," she continued, "the night before last, when you were away, I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed; and when I did sleep, I dreamed—such a horrible dream! I thought that I was in your office again; and I had fled there because I was chased by some Terrible Thing. I did not know what it was, but it was close behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there, and so I seized the handle, and signed the words, 'Come home—come home!' as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. Then, when you did not come, I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it were going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smoke so thick that when I jumped up, I fainted for want of air. And, O Willie, if you had not come just when you did, I might——"

"There, Maggie; don't let us think of what might have been, but rather let us be thankful that we are spared to each other still."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—At one of the recent Communist trials, the wife of Feltesse, the prisoner on trial, was called as a witness. She entered the court with a feeble tread; in her arms she carried a new-born child. At the sight of her Feltesse broke into wild sobs, while the poor woman uncovered the unconscious little baby's face and held it up so that the father might at least once see his child. The scene was very affecting.

Praise Children.

There is old superstition that praise is too good a thing to be given to children, that it is too rich for their mental and moral digestion. Some parents are so afraid that a child will grow proud, that they never praise him, and this course is often disastrous. It is apt to produce too much self-assertion—for self-assertion is a legitimate outgrowth of the withholding of commendation to which one is entitled—or to engender a self-distrust or melancholy hopelessness of disposition.

Praise is sunshine to a child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward of one's struggle to do right. Thomas Hughes says you can never get a man's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child, we believe, dies of a hunger for kind commendation. Many a child starving for the praise that parents should give, runs off eagerly after the designing flattery of others.

To withhold praise where it is due, is dishonest, and in the case of a child such a course often leaves a stinging sense of injustice. Motives of common justice, as well as a regard for the future of the child, should influence the parent to give generous praise for all that deserves it. Of course there is a difference in the constitution of children. Some cannot bear so much praise as others, and some need a great deal. It should never be indiscriminate. We remember a wonderful woman who taught school in one village until she had educated a part of three generations. She was one of the most successful of teachers. But her success lay in her gift of praising with discrimination. A bad boy who was a good scholar got praises of his brilliancy and wicked in between her admonitions for his bad behavior, and so was won to a better life, and we recall a good girl who had no gift of learning rapidly, but who was saved from utter despair by the praise she got for her untiring industry. Into the discouraged hearts of the children the praises of the teacher came like sunlight. And the virtues, like other good fruits, can only ripen in the sunshine.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Cost of a Strike.

The Chicago *Tribune*, speaking of the possible strike of the workingmen in that city, says: We have now in Chicago, say:

	Per diem.	Per week.
12,000 carpenters, earning $3.50 per day	$42,000	$255,000
8,000 bricklayers, earning $5 per day	40,000	240,000
2,0 0 plasterers, earning $5 per day	10,000	60,000
2,000 painters, earning $3.50 per day	7,000	42,000
3,500 stonecutters, earning $4 per day	14,000	84,000
27,500 workingmen, earning	$113,000	$679,000

A strike by the above workmen stops a supply of $678,000 per week, or about two millions every three weeks, now being paid to their families. A strike for two months would waste a larger sum of money than the whole world's charity to Chicago on the occasion of her great calamity, a charity so munificient that even the donors were astonished at the grand aggregate of their own liberality. It would mean for each workingman the waste of more money than he could save by his labor for a year.

But this is not the whole of the account. These thirty thousand workingmen are nearly all tenants, very few of them owning houses of their own. If they board, their rent is a part of their weekly charge. With their families, averaging three to each workingman, they number one hundred thousand people to be provided with shelter—a number nearly as great as was burned out of homes by the great conflagration. Not much less than one-third of the population of the city are connected by some tie of dependence with this mechanic and building class. They have the most direct interest as tenants in reducing rents, and this can only be done by the rapid rebuilding of the city. If a general strike should delay the rebuilding of Chicago, for every day the work is so delayed the workmen engaged in it will find an extra dollar per month added to their rent next winter.

OSTRICH FARMS.—The raising of the ostrich in a tame state for its feathers is now carried on extensively in Africa. The birds are kept in inclosures, and fed on lucerne, with which the inclosure is planted. Every eight months they are plucked, some extracting the quill at once, and others cutting the quill a little above its insertion, and then removing the roots a couple of months later. The latter method is said to give better results with less injury to the bird. The yield is about fifty dollars per annum for each bird. In breeding it is found to be best to allow one female to each male, though in the wild state five females are attached to a single male. There are usually two broods in a year, and the male and female sit on the eggs by turns, the male generally taking the largest share of this duty. The female takes chief charge of the brood after it is hatched. The young are reared on chopped lucerne, and as they get older a little grain is given them; they also require abundance of water, and a liberal supply of pulverized quartz and small bones. When grown, no food suits them better than chopped lucerne or trefoil, with an occasional supply of cabbage, fruit, and grain.

PROFITS OF GAS.—Whoever has money, let him invest it with gas companies. There is no business so sure and none which offers the same chance for making up sums of money when they are needed. It appears from a statement in the New York *World* that the Manhattan company paid but $25 per share on their capital, the profits having paid the rest, and run the value of stock up to $211, thus representing an accumulation of 440 per cent., besides regular semi-annual dividends. In Cincinnati the profits of the gas company pay about twenty per cent. per annum on a capital of $2,850,000.

THE WIDOW of ex-President Tyler, of the United States, with her young daughter and infant grandchild, were baptised and received into the Catholic Church, at Georgetown, D. C. The ceremonies were of an impressive nature, and were performed by several of the priests of Georgetown College.

A Sad Story.

An English correspondent, in referring to the laborers' revolt in the country, gives the following among other instances of the condition of the Agricultural laborers there:

"A short time ago a letter came to me from Buckinghampshire, asking if something could not be done to draw attention to the condition of the farm-boys in that county. A poor boy named Geo. Knibbs, the letter said, was found dead on the roadside on a cold, biting morning in March, 1870. He was only nine years old, and had been at work three years for a farmer at Beckhampstead. The only witness was a fellow-laborer, a little boy eleven years old. They were sent out in the morning of an inclement day to drive in heifers to the town of Winslow, a journey of seven or eight miles. The youngest child wanted to take some food with him, as it was supposed he had had no breakfast, but the farmer told them they need take no food as they would be home by eleven o'clock. A journey of sixteen miles, and to drive six heifers half the distance, was too much for the poor things. Rain and sleet fell on the journey. They delivered the cattle at a public house in Winslow, where they were directed. They got half a pint of beer with three penny-worth of brandy in it to warm them, which they drank between them. They did not venture to ask for food, and none was given. They trudged a mile or two on their way back, when the youngest said he would go to his Aunt Emma's, and the eleven-year-old boy went on and got home cold and wet. The poor lad Knibbs fell on his face, and was found some hours afterward, when he had been long dead. The poor father wandered about at night till twelve o'clock, looking for his boy, and sat up for him till two o'clock in the morning. Next day he found out where the body of his son had been taken. The letter I received informed me that the farmer who employed the poor man stopped out of his wages the time employed in looking for his dead child. This is only a fair illustration of the condition of penury and dependence in which the greater portion of the Buckinghampshire laborers really are. The *Telegraph* has begun to examine into the condition of the Scotch agricultural laborer. The Scotch field is a fruitful one. Farming is carried out more scientifically there, as a rule, than in England, but the condition of the patient laborer equally needs revising there. The conservative *Globe* reports that the wages of agricultural laborers are about to be raised all over the country. Public opinion is accelerating the force of agitation.

A Husband's Commandments.

Thou shalt have no other man but me.

Thou shalt not have a daguerreotype or any other likeness of any man but thy husband.

Thou shalt not keep it in secret nor worship it for I thy husband am a jealous husband.

Thou shalt not speak thy husband's name with levity.

Remember thy husband's commandments to keep them sacred.

Honor thy husband and obey him that thou mayest be long in the house he has given thee.

Thou shalt not find fault when thy husband chews and smokes.

Thou shalt not scold.

Thou shalt not permit thy husband to wear a buttonless shirt—but shall keep his clothes in good repair.

Thou shalt not continually gad about neglecting thy husband and family.

Thou shalt not strive to live in the style of thy neighbor unless thy husband is able to support it.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's fine house nor his fine furniture, nor his wife's thousand dollar shawl, nor her fifty dollar handkerchief, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Thou shalt not go to Women's Rights meetings, neither to speak thyself or hear others speak.

Thou shalt not scold if thy husband stay out till after ten o'clock at night.

Thou shalt not sum up large bills at the stores which thy husband is unable to foot for verily he knoweth his means.

THE GERMS OF DISEASE.—An article says, that as the result of a series of experiments on the low forms of life by heat, Dr. Grace Calvert demonstrates that the germs of disease will withstand a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Exposure to such a heat as this injures the fibers of all kinds of cloth so seriously that they are unfit for further use. It is therefore evident that the mere agency of heat cannot be depended upon for the destruction of the germs or corpuscles attached to the clothing of persons who have suffered from any contagious disease. The necessity for a change in opinion regarding the power of chlorine gas to accomplish this purpose is urged in a recent report of the New York Board of Health on the disinfection of clothing and bedding, and sulphurous acid gas prepared by burning sulphur for the disinfection of rooms. The latter substance, especially, seems to have the power of utterly destroying the germs of small-pox, while chlorine frequently fails altogether, or only accomplishes the object in an imperfect manner.

WANTED.—The following amusing advertisement, a mixture truly of rhyme and reason, lately appeared:—"Required, by a gent, near to Bromley in Kent, a cook on plain cooking plainly intent. She need not make entrements, sances or jellies, that cause indigestion and irritate ——; enough if she's able to serve up a dinner that won't make her master a dyspeptic grinner. If asked to bake bread, no excuse she must utter; must be able to churn, and to make melted butter. If these she can do—cke boil a potato, and cook well a chop with a sauce called tomato—the writer won't care to apply further test that she's up to her work and knows all the rest. She must be honest, industrious, sober and clean, neat in her garb, not a highly dressed queen; and must be content, whatever her age is, with sugar and tea and £20 wages.

The Young Men's Christian room at Cincinnati are fined up with an "amusement room," in which ample space is given to the playing of croquet, a game which is nightly pursued to the latest permissable hour.

German Students' Duels.

The house which the German students of Heidelberg use for their duels says a correspondent, is situated a short distance out of town, and when a duel is going on, sentinels are placed communicating from the house to the town; but this is entirely unnecessary, for, although the duels are against the law, yet they are winked at by the authorities; in fact, the inhabitants are rather proud of them than otherwise, and would be very sorry if they were put a stop to. The student who took me to see the duels and myself started at about half-past 10 in the morning and walked for about fifteen minutes. We arrived at the house and, after introducing me to all his corps, we sat down by a table and talked and drank beer, and waited for the duel to commence.

The duels are arranged so that there are duels on three days of a week, whether a provocation is given or not. The way of it is this: The director of the duels takes the names of the members of the corps in regular order, and pairs them off, and they are compelled to fight, although they may be the very best friends in the world, or perhaps even relations. So you see that when a fellow goes into one of these corps he is compelled to fight, although he may be a very peaceable fellow; for, as I said before, they don't wait for a provocation, but fight any way. The swords that they fight with are made of a long and very thin piece of steel, which bends very easily and is as sharp as a razor, so that the least touch leaves a mark. The students here are cut horribly, and some of them are really disgusting to look at, their faces are so frightfully scarred. The head is the part of the body aimed at, and is, in fact, the only part that can be hit, for the upper part of the body is padded so thickly that the sword cannot cut through the padding. When fighting the sword is held over the head in such a manner that instead of sticking it slashes; and the eyes being protected by large iron spectacles, it is very seldom if ever that a real injury occurs, further than cutting up their faces, and that doesn't last long, for the wound soon heals up and leaves a scar, which the students are very proud of; in fact, they don't think very much of a fellow unless he has at least one scar.

The largest corps student that ever appeared in Heidelberg was an American. Who came here an average-sized man, and went away something to behold, and having the honor of being the best drinker, and also the best duelist in Heidelberg. He fought something like a hundred duels, and never got defeated till nearly the last one he fought, when he got his nose almost cut off; but, nothing daunted, he stepped up to his adversary, holding his nose on with his hand, and challenged him to another duel, which was accepted. They fought, and the indomitable American, the hero of a hundred duels, came out ahead, to the gratification of all his admiring friends. He is considered to have been the greatest man in Heidelberg (which he certainly was as regards size), and his name will probably be handed down from generation to generation, and looked up to as something superior, something almost immortal, by the students.

Wesley's Out-Door Preaching.

Almost inaccessible to weariness or physical pain, he made his way over hill, moor, and arid mountains, often frozen by the chill blasts and thickening snows of the uplands, or shivering amidst the Scotch mists; yet storm and frost never checked his ardor; never would he forget or pass over his appointment to preach. He pressed on with the resolution of a Cæsar over dangerous roads, through inclement weather, and often rose hoarse with cold and worn with travel, to speak to the anxious throngs who awaited his coming; yet he relates that as he spoke his physical pain would disappear, his vigor return, and a genial ardor restore his feeble frame to unprecedented strength. Sometimes he preached while the fierce winds and the autumnal frost passed unnoticed over his attentive people; more than once the rain descended and the lightnings played while he described the triumphs of faith. Over his immense audiences Wesley exerted a singular influence, that was almost unknown to Whitefield or his followers; his calm and thoughtful rhetoric produced results that might seem appropriate only to the most impassioned eloquence. Sobs and cries broke from the sternest breasts; strong men fell down in convulsions of misery and despair. The room in which he preached was often filled with loud outcries and wild exclamations; women fell into trances and groveled in the dust; and these "stricken cases," as they were termed, formed, so marked a trait of the new movement as to excite the reprobation of the cold and censorious and startle the philosophical. But Wesley saw in these singular occurrences the natural struggle for a new life, and he at least, was not appalled when his vast audience was shaken as if with a mighty wind, when wild sobs and shouts of agony passed over the startled throng, and they fell groveling on the earth; for he believed the Spirit of God was moving them to repentance. Nor in any period of strong religious excitement—when Savonarola preached and Bernard prayed—have similar traits of deep emotion been unobserved.—*Eugene Lawrence.*

THE ROUMANIAN JEWS.—The official correspondence in relation to the persecution of the Jews in Roumania has been transmitted to the U. S. Senate. Under date of April 19, 1872, Mr. Peixotto, American Consul at Bucharest, writes that all the foreign representatives at Bucharest, except the Russian, had signed an address to the Government of Prince Charles, saying they had learned with profound regret that after having condemned several Israelites to severe penalties, the prosecution of whom was abandoned by the public ministry itself, the court of Assizes of Buzio had acquitted all the individuals who were charged with committing the gravest crimes against the Jewish population of Vilcoon. Secretary Fish, under date of May 18, 1872, approves of Peixotto's action in taking part in the remonstrance, and adds: "You will not be backward in joining any similar protest or other measure which the foreign representatives there may deem advisable, with a view to avert or mitigate further harshness toward the Israelites resident in or subjects of the Principality."

Nine persons were killed at a recent Parliamentary election in Hungary.

Facts and Fancies.

A Detroit man got through keeping tame foxes since he lost seven prize fowls which cost him eight dollars each.

By the use of machinery invented within the past twenty years, the farmers' boy can often do the work of ten ordinary men.

"Come into the Varden, Maud," is the way in which musical mammas urge their daughters to try on their new calico dresses.

A Minnesota woman has invented a fan to be attached to a sewing-machine and put in motion by the same power, it is said.

Dio Lewis has written a book on digestion, which he dedicates to those of his countrymen who are all gone in the pit of the stomach.

Human nature is the same everywhere. It is remarked in New York that horse-car conductors on six-cents lines refuse to affiliate with their five-cents brothers.

The Swedish government offers a prize for an essay on the best means of putting a stop to the rapid increasing emigration of the rural population from that country.

A little six year old son of Mr. Weber of Sandwich, Illinois, is almost an expert with firearms as a grown man. He passed a ball entirely through his little hand and deposited it safely under his left optic without previous practice.

"Is the spirit of Israel Putnam dead?" is the way in which a Shawneetown (Ill.) paper calls upon the residents to rise and slaughter the wolf which has displayed abnormal activity in competing with them in the raising of mutton.

Grundy County, Iowa, has more large farms than any other county in the State. One man has a farm of 6,000 acres, another of 2,040 acres, another of 1,320, another of 1,300, and several others of 1,200 to 1,300 acres.

There are thirty-five thousand deaf and dumb persons in the United States, and forty-four institutions for their educations, each containing on an average about one hundred and fifty pupils, nearly all supported by the State governments.

A clergyman, having made several attempts to reform a profligate, was at length repulsed with "It is all in vain, doctor, you cannot get me to change my religion." "I do not want that," replied the good man, "I wish religion to change you."

The committee of the Maine Editors' and Publishers' Association, to whom was entrusted the matter of making arrangements for the annual excursion, have decided on July 9 as the day of departure from Portland, and Mount Desert as the "objective point" of the expedition.

Women in Austria perform the duties of bricklayers' laborers, and may be seen carrying hods of mortar and baskets of brick up high ladders. More than this, they dig and wheel barrows of "ballast" almost as nimbly as the men. They chop wood, they carry water, they offer to black your boots in the street, and perform many other little offices, which, according to our notions, do not and should not come under the denomination of "women's work."

The Conversationshaus, Baden.

The central attraction of Baden is, of course, the Conversationshaus; so called, I presume, because no one is expected to speak there except in a whisper. Why a gambling hall should be styled a conversation-house is beyond conjecture. The name must be the result of some Teutonic vagary in which irony was uppermost. The Conversationshaus contains a number of drawing, dining, reading, concert, and gaming rooms, all elaborately gilded and frescoed and luxuriously furnished—immense mirrors on the walls reflecting every form and face. The gambling saloons, opening into each other, usually have six roulette and rouge-et-noir (trente-et-quarante) tables, at which all the gambling is done. They are open from an early hour of the morning to midnight, but the playing does not begin until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and does not end until eleven in the evening. The place is as public as Broadway or City Hall Park. Every body goes in and goes out, bets or bets not, just as he pleases. There is no one to question or interrupt, to invite or discourage, any respectably dressed or decently behaving stranger, who from curiosity, inclination, or any other motive, may see fit to enter. If he carry a cane or umbrella, or wish to leave his hat—hats are not worn at the shrine of the fickle goddess—he will find in a sort of vestibule very polite lackeys, in livery much resembling a court costume, who will benignantly inform him that it is contrary to the rules of the Direction to take either of those articles, or go covered, into the charmed presence of the challengers of fortune. These bedizened servants are stationed in all the saloons, ready and anxious to do any one's bidding, with the expectation, of course, of receiving certain douceurs for their trouble. They are the most obedient and obsequious of underlings; they will do any thing the mysterious Direction allows—and it is far from narrow on most subjects—in the promptest and most satisfactory manner. The Direction pays a license of about $75,000 a year, and defrays, moreover, all the expenses of the establishment, amounting to as much more—which shows that the business is at least profitable.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—A young, handsome, and well-dressed lady appeared at the county jail in Chicago, with a license and a justice of the peace, and insisted on being married to a notorious hotel thief, who is awaiting trial which will undoubtedly result in a five years' sentence to the penitentiary. The woman belongs to a wealthy and respectable family of Chicago, who are in great distress on account of the infatuation of their daughter for the thief. The marriage ceremony was performed and the thief returned to his cell.

HOW MUCH FOR THE PAIR?—An enterprising merchant out West advertises "a calf skin shoe for $2." Whereupon Jubilee Jinks says he would be afraid to buy that shoe, lest, the man of leather and sharp-bargains would serve him on the hip," and charge him $3 for the other shoe.